LONDONS

LAMENTATIONS:

OR,

Some affectionate breathings forth on *London's* late Ruines

BY

FIRE,

Begun *Septemb.* 2. 1666. about Two of the Clock in the Morning.

WITH

Twenty Leſſons to be learned by this ſevere Rod of the Fire.

Compoſed in Verſe by *R. P.* a well-wiſher to that famous and ancient City of *London*.

LONDON, Printed for *John Hancock*, to be ſold by him at his Shop over againſt the Church in *Broad-ſtreet*. 1665.

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LAMENTATIONS

OR,

FIRE,

WITH

Some Breathings forth on London's *late ruines by Fire.*

COme call for such as skilful are to weep:
Tears can't exceed, nor sighs be here too deep;
Nor though our heads of waters fountains were,
What might exhaust and draw them dry is here:
For of our City sin an heap hath made, *Isa. 25. 2.*
Our famous City yea in ruines laid,
And that by Fire which alate befel,
But such as Stories scarce can parallel.
Methinks it was some semblance of that Fire,
Which *Sodome* God consum'd with in his ire.
Methinks I am as one even quite dismay'd;
Methinks yet that should not be true that's said.
The former Fire was not quenched quite, *Pestilence.*
Before another Fire breaks forth with might:
The former that did much consume our men;
Another dreadful Fire cometh then,
And that consumes our houses and our goods,
And nothing leaves but rubbish where they stood:
And thus out of one Fire go do we,
And with another Fire devour'd we be. *Ezek. 15. 7.*
Oh what distress! Oh what perplexity!
What fears and frights surpriz'd all suddenly!
How did all faces gather paleness, and
All knees wax feeble, each hangs down his hands.
Hearts fail for fear, all full of consternation,
As if it was the general conflagration.
Men are amaz'd; the Engines to those flames
Are but as dross, nor waters can them tame;
But still they rage and roar, yea run along
With a furious fierceness as they first begun.
What Adamant indeed but could but relent
To hear what dismal cryes and shrieks up went;

Such as even pierct the Heavens, yea, and might make
The very Earths Foundations for to ſhake.
Some cry, My children, Oh are they ſecure?
And are none left i'th houſe ſtill are your ſure?
Others, my Father, ſome, my Mother cry;
Another ſayes, he can't his wife eſpy.
One cryes, come help, O let's get out this cheſt;
Another cryes, firſt get out this, as beſt;
Another cryes, Oh help to ſave my Plate;
Another calls, a Cart at any rate;
A third, he comes and ſayes, it is too late,
You can't for rubbiſh paſs unto the Gate:
Oh cryes another, I am quite undone;
To help to ſave my goods, I can get none.
Thus all are in an hurry, and ſome take
From others ſtraits advantage, gain to make.
The Judgment is ſo fore, ſo far extends,
That none are able it to comprehend:
Somthing thereof at preſent we do ſee,
And every day will more appear to be.
Our Body Politick's wounded at heart,
And all the Members, each do feel the ſmart.
The Mother of our *Iſrael* is undone,
And all her Daughters languiſh every one.
The very Fountain of our Trade's drawn dry,
And all her Rivulets exhauſt do lye.
Oh what a change a few dayes here have made!
How ſoon when theſe things flouriſh do they fade!
How ſolitary does that City ſit, (*Lam.* 1. 1.)
Which ſo much people had alate in it!
But as a Widow ſhe is now become,
Her Glory ſtain'd, and all her beauty gone,
It is departed, and ſhe's ſo o'rethrown,
That where her ſtreets were ſcarce it can be known:
Her wayes do mourn, her Gates are ſunk, and ſhe
Hath made her dwellers elſewhere ſeek to be.
How many lately rich are now made poor?
How many empty which alate had ſtore?

How

How many harbourleſs which houſes had?
How many that were joyous now are ſad?
How many that to others ſuccour gave,
Have need themſelves now ſuccour for to have?
How many late at eaſe are now perplext,
Waiting what diſmal things may follow next,
Fearing leaſt theſe their ſorrows but begin,
And are ſtill ſoarer things but uſhering in.
Oh *London*, glorious things were ſpoken of thee,
But oh what ſad things now reported be!
But what do words to ſuch a devaſtation,
That does ſo far exceed even all relation?
Such as go up and do behold it, ſee
Far more than e re they heard it for to be.
Come now *Jehovahs* works behold, and ſee
What deſolations he hath made to be! (*Pſ.* 46.8.)
Such as amaze, and even aſtoniſh; and
Theſe made i'th' Mother City of our Land,
Yea, that was chief among the Nations that
Among the Provinces as Princeſs ſat.
But ſee how on a ſudden wondrouſly
She is come down, and now in duſt doth lye:
The Lord hath brought down them that dwelt on high,
The lofty City low hath made to lye; (*Iſa.* 26.5,6.)
Yea he hath laid it low, even to the ground,
And now with very duſt its equal found,
So that the foot may now it tread upon,
The foot o'th' poor, the ſteps o'th' needy one.
Now as the Lord his work hath done, even ſo
Our work likewiſe let us now alſo do.
Oft warn'd we were before, but we took none;
O that by this now warn'd might be each one,
And let theſe loſſes not be loſt in vain,
Nor let them be but turned into gain;
Out of the Eater let there come forth meet.
And out o'th ſtrong ſome ſweetneſs let us get.
God would us teach by that which he hath done.
And ſeverall leſſons learne would have each one;

Some

Some of thoſe leſſons here behold and ſee,
And lets be ſure them well take out do we.
See how we provoke the Lord to wrath,
1. That ſuch a Fire amongſt us kindled hath,
And how exceedingly we him incenc't,
That by no meanes no ſooner could be quencht.
The Fire indeed it was exceeding ſore,
But what it ſpake, Gods great diſpleaſure, more.
2. Let's in theſe deſolations Gods hand ſee,
And under it abaſ'd and humble be.
3. Before this God tremble and feare each one,
Who makes ſuch dismal deſolation!
And in thy works how terrible art thou,
S y unto God, as we have ſeen thee now!
Pſa. 66 3, 5. Oh of thine anger who the power doth know!
Pſal. 90. 11. According to thy feare thy wrath is ſo.
Pſal. 76. 7. O thou! even thou art to be feared, and
Who when th'art angry in thy ſight can ſtand?
4. In all that's done the Lord let's juſtify,
For heavier things by farr our ſins did cry.
Leſſe than our ſins deſerv'd puniſht are we;
Our houſes, not our ſelves, conſumed be.
The City's burnt, the Suburbs are not ſo,
The Daughters yet do ſtand, though Mother low.
5. Let none no more boaſt of to morrow day,
Prov. 27. 1. For what a day may bring forth who can ſay?
6 See by theſe deſolations what is ſin,
Which them did carry on, and them begin.
7. How vaine and how uncertaine learne alſo,
All things are that we here poſſeſs below.
8. See no continuing City we have here;
Heb. 13. 14. One therefore that's to come let's ſeeke elſewhere,
Chap. 11. 10. A City which foundations hath, and's ſaid
To be by God himſelfe both built and made.
9. Learn for your ſelves to lay up treaſures there,
Where neither loſs nor deſolations are.
Let God himſelf, Chriſt, Grace, our treaſures be,
And then our treaſures ſafe in Heaven laid we.

That

As a forerunner, by this Fire we 10.
May of that conflagration minded be,
When th'earth and all things that therein be 2 Pet 3 10.
Shall suddenly be burnt up utterly.
What manner then of persons ought we be
In all holy converse and pietie;
That when the Heavens and Earth dissolv'd shall be
New heavens and new earth expect may we;
And let our care, looking for such things, be
Of him in peace without spot found to be.
That *London* is not spared, let all then see 11.
Impartial in his Judgments God to be.
And *London* not escaping, that in sin 12.
None that goe on escape shall punishing.
Our City, houses, and estates lie low, 13.
And now our hearts let them be low also;
Yea, let our sins and lusts be brought down low, 14.
That have our City brought for to be so.
Mens works even with the dust we level'd see: 15.
The devils works destroy'd let also be;
Let them also come down, no longer stand,
Which threaten further ruine to our land.
This Fire though so fierce, yet quencht we see; 16.
O dread the Fire that never quencht shall be!
But is eternal, where all cast shall be
That still goe on to doe iniquity. Mat. 13. 40.
These desolations so behold doe we, 17.
As yet we pity those on whom they be,
And so as with their tears a part we bear,
And see that we for them lift up a prayer;
Yea, so their desolations let us see,
That succor and relieve afford them we.
With what thou hast doe good without delay, 18.
For all thou hast may soon be swept away.
God for our house and portion let's assure, 19.
And then our house and portion shall indure.
Let all our springs i'th' Fountaine be, and we
When brooks and cisterns faile refresht shall be.

The

The main uſe.

Let by this Fire be purg'd iniquity,
And ſin to take away, the fruit let be.
Let not the Lord ſo ſorely ſmite in vaine;
But now forthwith to him let's turne againe,
From whom we have revolted, and amend,
Or certain ruine us will next attend.
Let not our ſins a ſnare ſtill to us be,
Except we meane all to conſumed be.
Theſe things are ſad, but if in ſin we ſhall
Perſiſt, yet heavier things will on us fall;
And this will be to ſin with a high hand,
And on ſuch God will ſet a heavy brand,
As once on *Ahaz*, this is he or ſhe
That ſtill did add to their iniquity.

To thoſe in the Suburbs and others yet eſcaped

You that are neare the City, and yet ſpar'd,
And with what others ruin'd were are ſcar'd,
Make others caſe your own, to them be kind,
Or judgment without mercy you will find;
Do not affliction to th' afflicted add,
Poor hearts ſo heavy doe not make more ſad;
Than which I know no more provoking thing,
Nor likelyer heavier things on us to bring.
Doe not your ſelves leſs ſinners think to be
Than thoſe whom now ſo deſolate you ſee.
Be warn'd, with ſpeed repent, or be you ſure,
Your ſins will heavier things to you procure;
And though you have eſcapt the Fire paſt,
Into a far worſe Fire they'l you caſt.

Concluſion.

Lord ſanctified let this ſad ſtroak be,
And by it every one let's better'd be;
That we repenting, thou maiſt not goe on,
To make an utter devaſtation. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

Licenſed according to Order.